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TALES

FROM THE

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FEATURING



**THE KEEPER OF
THE CRYPT OF
TERROR!**



**THE KEEPER OF
THE VAULT OF
HORROR!**



**THE OLD WITCH
FROM THE
HAUNT OF
FEAR!**



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Association of Comics Magazine Publishers
205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York

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A. C. M. P.

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to the
COMICS
CODE

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complete list of



titles, all of
which bear the
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of Comics
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Publishers

•
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FROM
THE CRYPT**

•
**TWO-FISTED
TALES**

•
**THE VAULT
OF
HORROR**

•
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•
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THE CRYPT OF TERROR



HEH, HEH! WELL! SO WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR FRIENDS! WELCOME! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE *CRYPT OF TERROR*! THIS TIME I HAVE A REALLY CHILLING TALE FROM MY COLLECTION OF SPINE-TINGLERS TO RELATE TO YOU! NOW, LIE BACK IN YOUR CASKETS! TUCK YOURSELVES IN WITH YOUR SHROUDS! COMFY? GOOO! THEN I'LL BEGIN! I CALL THIS STORY...

THE THING FROM THE GRAVE!



JAMES BARRY AND WILLIAM FERTH WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL, LAURA MASON! JIM WAS KIND... CONSIDERATE... A **GENTLEMAN!** BILL WAS **BRAZEN... FUN-LOVING...** AND AT TIMES, LAURA WAS ALMOST **AFRAID** OF HIM! AND SO WHEN JIM ASKED THE INEVITABLE QUESTION...



MARRY ME, LAURA? I **KNOW** I CAN MAKE YOU HAPPY!

BUT, JIM! WHAT ABOUT BILL? I... I'M **AFRAID** OF WHAT HE'LL DO WHEN HE FINDS OUT!



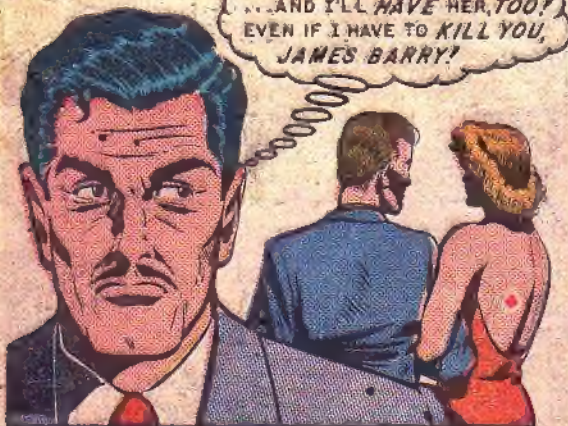
DON'T WORRY, LAURA! BILL WILL HAVE TO TAKE IT LIKE A MAN! ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, Y'KNOW!

YES! BUT BILL ISN'T THE TYPE TO GIVE UP EASILY!



LAURA DIDN'T KNOW HOW RIGHT SHE WAS WHEN SHE SPOKE THOSE WORDS! YES! BILL WAS **NOT** THE TYPE TO GIVE UP SO EASILY! HE **WANTED** LAURA!

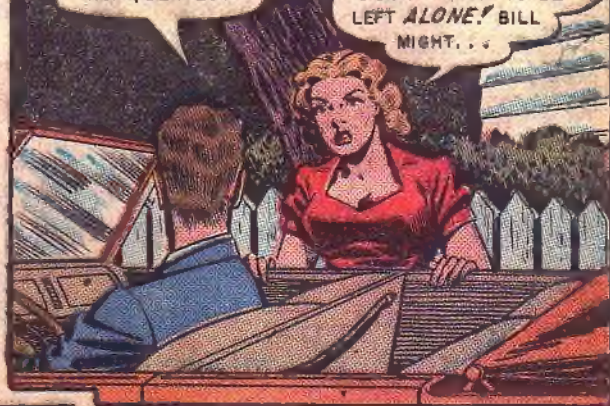
...AND I'LL HAVE HER, TOO! EVEN IF I HAVE TO **KILL YOU, JAMES BARRY!**



SOON, LAURA AND JIM WERE MARRIED! THEY WERE VERY HAPPY THOSE FIRST FEW WEEKS... BUT THEN, BUSINESS CALLED JIM OUT OF TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS...

I'LL BE BACK THURSDAY NIGHT, DEAREST!

OH, JIM! I'M **AFRAID!** I DON'T WANT TO BE LEFT **ALONE!** BILL MIGHT...



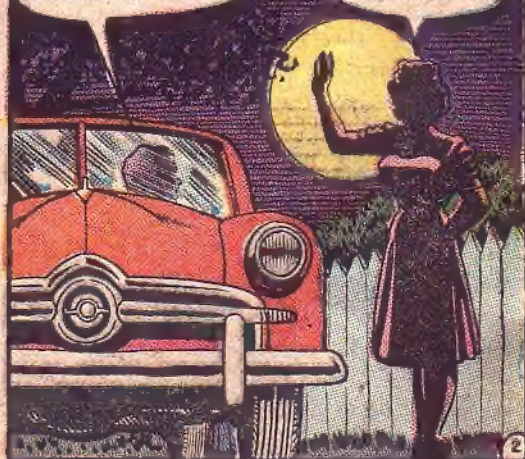
BILL WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU, LAURA! BUT, IF YOU EVER **ARE** IN DANGER, NO MATTER **WHERE** I AM, SOMEHOW, I'LL GET TO YOU... AND **SAVE** YOU!

YOU'RE JOKING WITH ME, JAMES BARRY... BUT I'VE BEEN **SERIOUS!**



SO HAVE I, LAURA! SO HAVE I! 'BYE!

'BYE, JIM! HURRY BACK!



JIM'S CAR SPED ALONG A DARK COUNTRY ROAD TOWARDS THE MAIN HIGHWAY! THE HEADLIGHTS, KNIFING THROUGH THE VELVET BLACKNESS, SUDDENLY FELL UPON...



A MAN! STANDING IN THE ROAD...



JIM PRESSED HARD ON HIS BRAKES AND THE CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP...



CRAZY FOOL! I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! WHO ARE YOU... ANYWAY?

BILL!
IT'S ME...
BILL!

THE SHADY FIGURE MOVED TOWARDS THE CAR... AND AS HE PASSED THE HEADLIGHT, A GLINT OF SHINY STEEL CAUGHT JIM'S EYE...



HE... HE'S GOT A KNIFE!
HE'S... GOING TO KILL ME!

THE SOUND OF A STRUGGLE SHATTERED THE SILENCE HANGING OVER THE DESERTED ROAD AND THE HEAVY WOODS FLANKING IT! THEN THERE WAS A THUD AND A PIERCING SHRIEK...



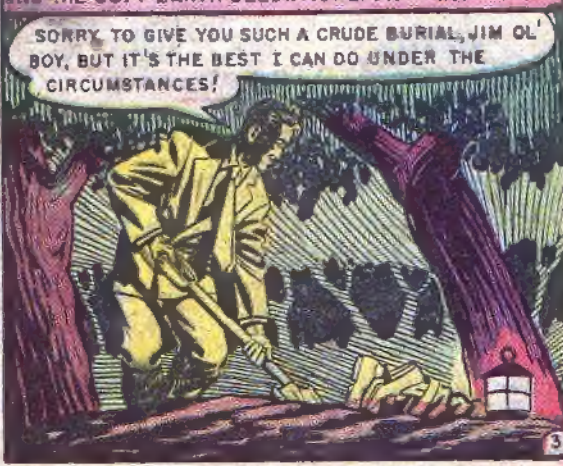
... AND NOW, LAURA WILL BE
MINE! ALL MINE!

BILL FERTH PICKED UP THE BODY OF THE MURDERED JAMES BARRY AND DRAGGED IT INTO THE WOODS...



... GOT TO GET RID OF THE BODY SO
NO ONE WILL EVER FIND IT! GOT TO
BURY IT DEEP IN THESE WOODS!

AGAIN THE THICK SILENCE OF THE WOODS WAS BROKEN! THIS TIME BY THE SOUND OF A SPADE STRIKING THE SOFT EARTH BELOW TOWERING TREES...



SORRY TO GIVE YOU SUCH A CRUDE BURIAL, JIM OL' BOY, BUT IT'S THE BEST I CAN DO UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

SOON, A GAPING HOLE WAS OPENED AND THE STIFF BODY OF JAMES BARRY WAS DROPPED INTO IT...

NOW TO COVER IT UP, DITCH THE CAR, AND GET BACK HOME! THEN ALL I DO IS WAIT! IF I PLAY MY CARDS RIGHT, SHE'LL BE MINE!



A LITTLE LATER, THE SLEEK FORM OF JAMES BARRY'S AUTOMOBILE HURTTLED OVER A CLIFF INTO A DEEP LAKE...

THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE CAR! IT'LL SINK INTO THE MUD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!



AND SO THE JOB WAS DONE! BILL FERTH HAD PLANNED EVERYTHING CAREFULLY! THE WEEKS WENT BY, AND THEN THE TIME CAME FOR HIM TO GO AND SEE LAURA...



YES, LAURA! BUT IT'S OVER A MONTH NOW! HE'S LEFT YOU! HE'S PROBABLY FOUND ANOTHER WOMAN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, BILL! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO HIM! I KNOW IT! I FEEL IT!



BILL COULD WAIT! HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME! SHE'D COME AROUND! HE WAS SURE! AFTER ANOTHER MONTH...

IF ANYTHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN BY NOW, LAURA! CAN'T YOU SEE? HE'S LEFT YOU... DESERTED YOU!

I'LL WAIT FOR HIM... TO COME BACK!



HE'LL NEVER COME BACK! NEVER!

THEN I'LL WAIT FOR HIM FOREVER! I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING HIM, BILL! JIM WAS MY LIFE! WITHOUT HIM...



THEN... IT'S ALL WASTED! THE PLANNING... THE WORK... THE WAITING... WASTED!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



YES! I KILLED HIM! HE'S DEAD!
I WANTED YOU, LAURA AND HE
STOOD IN MY WAY!

Y-YOU K-KILLED
JIM? I HATE
YOU...YOU...YOU
MANIAC! HATE
YOU...HATE...

NOW...I'VE GOT TO KILL YOU, LAURA! IF
I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE ELSE WILL
EITHER! I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT!

YOU...YOU'RE
MAD...
A RAVING
MADMAN!

BILL FERTH FORCED LAURA INTO HIS CAR
AND DROVE HER TO A DESERTED CABIN...
DEEP IN THE WOODS NEAR WHERE HE HAD
KILLED JIM...

THIS ROOM HAS NO WINDOWS...SO
WHEN I LOCK YOU IN, YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO ESCAPE!

W...WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO DO
TO ME?

I'M GOING TO SET FIRE TO THE CABIN! THEY'LL
NEVER FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU...NEVER!
IT'LL BE ASHES...ALL ASHES!

FACED WITH THE HORROR OF BEING
BURNED ALIVE BY THIS MADMAN,
LAURA SCREAMED FOR HELP...

IT WAS AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREAM
THAT SHOT THROUGH THE WOODS,
REVERBERATING FROM TREE TO TREE
... ROCK TO ROCK...

AND SOMEWHERE OUT THERE, UNDER
THE SOFT EARTH THAT COVERED IT...
SOMETHING STIRRED... THEN PUSHED
ITS DECAYED AND ROTTED HAND UP...
UP... THROUGH THE BLACK DIRT INTO
THE BLACK NIGHT...

EEEEEEEAAGGH!

SLOWLY, THE EARTH GAVE WAY, AS THE THING PUSHED UPWARD, CLAWING! THE CLEAN FRESH AIR SEEPED DOWN INTO ITS SHALLOW GRAVE...



IT GOT TO ITS FEET CLUMSILY... STOOD ERECT IN THE MOONLIGHT! IT LIFTED ITS HEAD... LISTENING! IT HAD HEARD A SCREAM... A SCREAM THAT HAD MADE IT SEEK THE OPEN AIR...



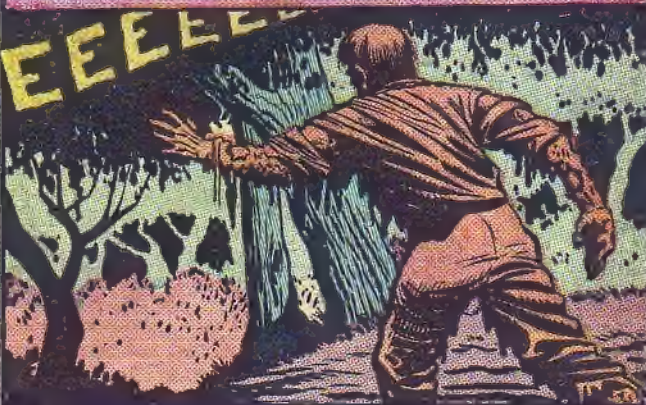
IT MOVED FORWARD AT A STUMBLING GATE! ITS ROTTED LEGS... ITS SIGHTLESS EYES... THE DECAYED FLESH THAT CLUNG HERE AND THERE TO WHITENED BONE... MOVED THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH...



BACK AT THE CABIN, BILL POURED THE CAN OF KEROSENE AROUND THE OUTSIDE WALLS...



BUT OUT IN THE DEEP SHADOWS OF THE WOODS, THE THING HEARD THE SCREAM... AND STUMBLED FORWARD... TOWARDS IT.



THE CABIN WAS ON FIRE NOW! INSIDE LAURA CRINGED AGAINST THE DOOR AS THE FLAMES LICKED AT HER... WHITE... HOT...



OUTSIDE, BILL WATCHED AS THE FLAMES LEAPED HIGHER AND HIGHER! THEN, FROM THE FRINGE OF THE TREES, HE SAW THE THING COMING... STUMBLING... STAGGERING...



THE THING DID NOT SEE BILL! IT WAS LOOKING AT THE BURNING CABIN! BILL PUT HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH! HE WAS SICK! HE WHIMPERED...



THE THING WENT INTO THE FIRE! IT DID NOT FEEL THE FLAMES LICKING AT ITS TATTERED CLOTHES... ITS ROTTED FLESH! IT WAS DEAD! IT COULD FEEL NOTHING...



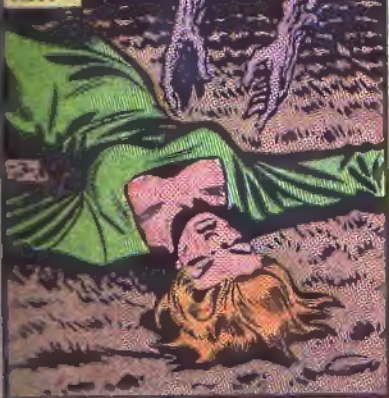
AFTER A FEW MOMENTS IT CAME OUT! ITS HAIR WAS SINGED! ITS DECAYED FLESH WAS CHARRED! WHERE THE FIRE HAD TOUCHED THE BONE, IT WAS BLACK AND SCORCHED! IT CARRIED THE GIRL...



BILL WAS SCREAMING NOW! HE BEGAN TO RUN WILDLY INTO THE WOODS... SCREAMING... SCREAMING...



THE THING PUT LAURA DOWN ON THE COOL GRASS FAR FROM THE BURNING CABIN! SHE WAS UNCONSCIOUS! SHE HAD FAINTED BEFORE THE THING HAD REACHED HER! SHE HAD NOT SEEN IT...



THEN THE THING TURNED... TOWARDS THE HYSTERICAL SHRIEKING THAT CAME FROM THE NEARBY WOODS...



SLOWLY IT SHAMBLED TOWARDS THE SCREAMING BILL AS HE CRASHED MADLY THROUGH THE THICK UNDER-GROWTH...



SUDDENLY, BILL STUMBLED INTO A YAWNING BLACK HOLE...

GOOD GOD! HIS GRAVE!
JIM'S GRAVE... WHERE I
BURIED HIM!



THE THING WAS COMING, NOW! BILL TRIED TO STAND BUT HE COULDN'T! THE PAIN! HE HAD BROKEN HIS LEG! HE TRIED TO DRAG HIMSELF FROM THE SHALLOW PIT... BUT THEN...

NO... NO!



THE THING WAS ON TOP OF HIM, PINNING HIM DOWN! HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, BUT THE THING WAS STRONG! IT HELD HIM EASILY...

LET ME GO! LET
ME GO! YOU'RE
DEAD! DEAD!

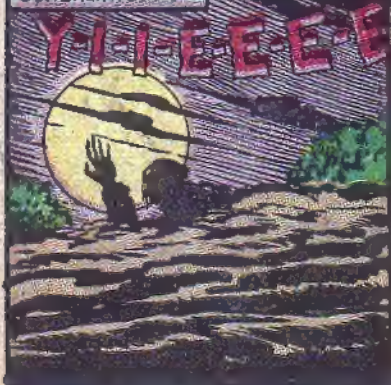


AND THEN THE THING BEGAN, WITH ONE ROTTED AND DECAYED HAND, TO FILL THE GRAVE AGAIN...

NO... NO! YOU CAN'T
BURY ME! I'M ALIVE...
ALIVE!



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FILL THE GRAVE! THE DIRT WAS GETTING TO BILL'S EYES... HIS MOUTH! HIS SCREAMING WAS WILDER NOW... HYSTERICAL, MAD, TERRORIZED SCREAMING...



AND THEN... AFTER A WHILE... THE SCREAMING STOPPED...



AND THAT'S MY STORY, DEAR READER! JIM CERTAINLY *KEPT HIS PROMISE* TO LAURA, DIDN'T HE? LUCKY FOR HER SHE *FAINTED BEFORE* HE GOT THERE, THOUGH! SHE'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM IN A *NICE* WAY, NOW! AND *POOR BILL*! NOW JIM'S GOT HIM FOR *COMPANY* ... DOWN THERE WHERE IT'S COLD AND BLACK! WELL, THEY CAN ALWAYS HOLD *GRAVE CONVERSATIONS* TOGETHER! HEH, HEH! NOW, IF YOU'RE NOT TOO BROKEN UP OVER *THIS TALE*... WHY NOT READ ON! MORE CHILLS AWAIT YOU!



SO YOU ALL LIKE VAMPIRE STORIES, EH? WELL, THIS ONE WILL CURDLE YOUR BLOOD! I CALL IT...

BLOOD TYPE V!



AS MY STORY OPENS, A SLEEK BLACK CONVERTIBLE STREAKS ALONG A DESERTED HIGHWAY LATE ONE DARK MOONLIT NIGHT...

PLEASE, FREDDIE! DRIVE SLOWER! I'M NERVOUS!

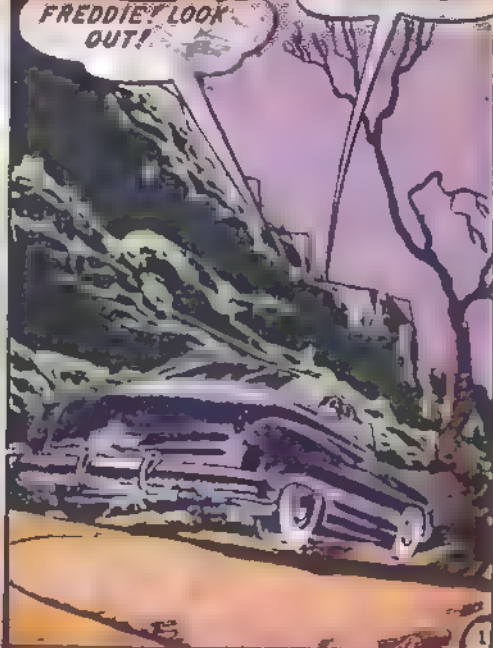
DON'T WORRY, JEAN! SHE HANDLES LIKE A BABY CARRIAGE!



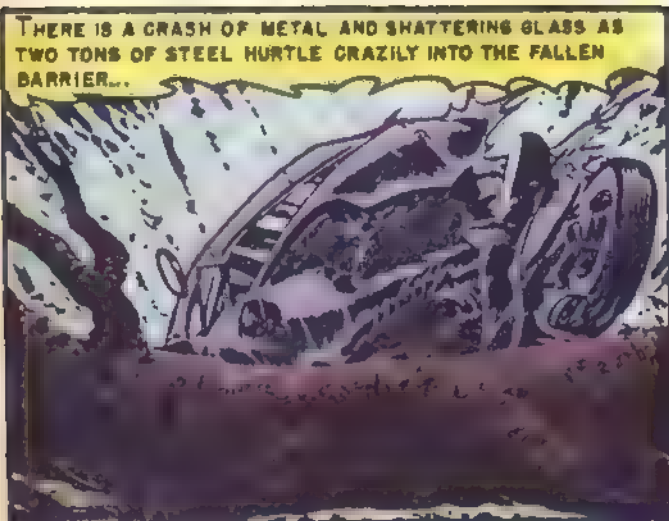
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE BLOOM, A HUGE FALLEN TREE LOOMS ACROSS THE PATH OF THE SPEEDING AUTO...

FREDDIE! LOOK OUT!

WHAT THE ?



THERE IS A CRASH OF METAL AND SHATTERING GLASS AS TWO TONS OF STEEL HURTLÉ CRAZILY INTO THE FALLEN BARRIER...



...THEN, SILENCE! A TWISTED MASS OF WRECK AGE LIES GROTESQUELY ON A LONELY COUNTRY HIGHWAY...



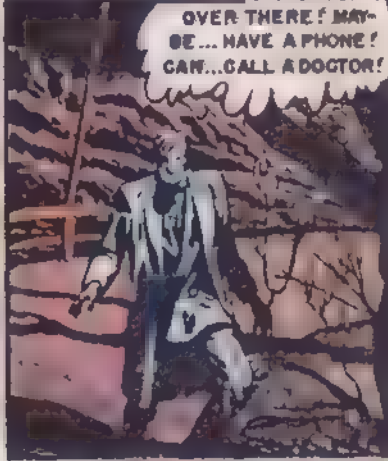
SLOWLY, ONE OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SMASHED CAR STIRS... SHE SHAKES HIS HEAD...



FRANTICALLY, FREDDIE STRUGGLES TO FREE THE PINNED GIRL FROM THE WRECKED AUTO. SHE'S



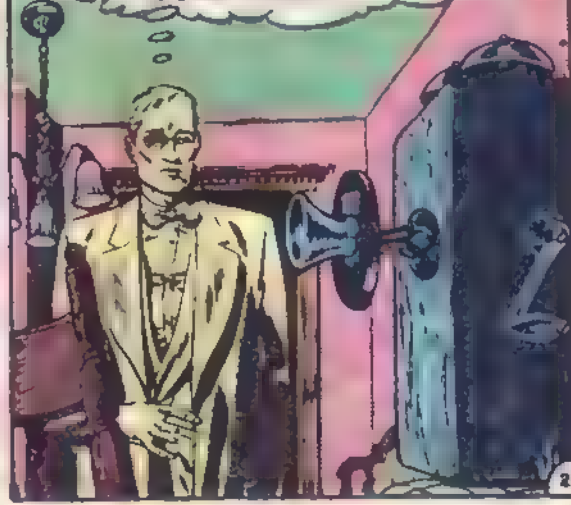
SHOCKED AND STUNNED, THE MAN STAGGERS WEAKLY DOWN THE ROAD IN SEARCH OF AID... A LIGHT...



FRED DUNCAN, ACE REPORTER FOR THE 'EVENING SUN' MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE DARK FORM OF THE RAMSHACKLE HOUSE AND KNOCKS! THERE IS NO ANSWER...

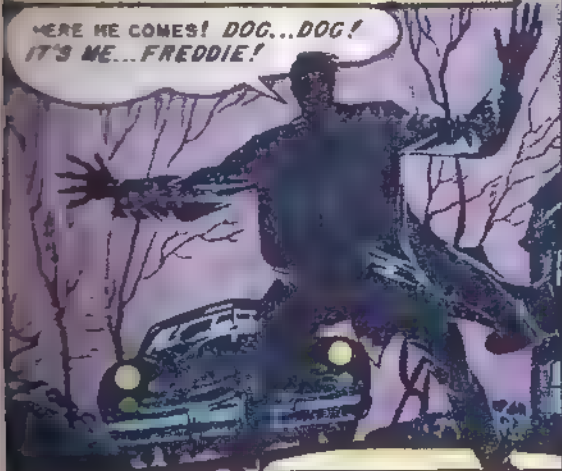


HERE'S A PHONE! I'LL CALL DOG BENSON! HE LIVES NEARBY!



IN A FEW MINUTES, ANOTHER CAR FLASHES ALONG THE
—WAY TOWARD THE SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT...

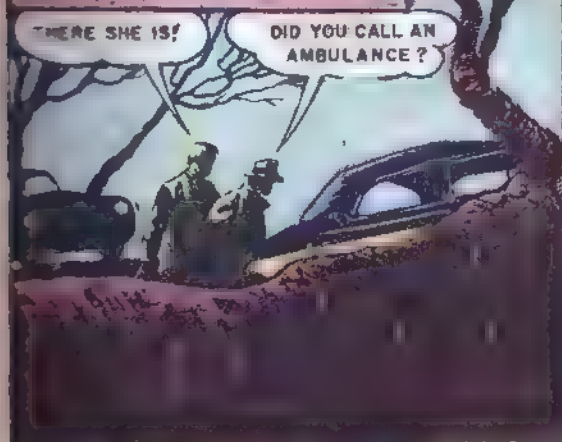
HERE HE COMES! DOG...DOG!
IT'S ME...FREDDIE!



FRED DUNCAN GETS INTO THE DOCTOR'S CAR AND THEY
RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE WRECK...

THERE SHE IS!

DID YOU CALL AN
AMBULANCE?



THE CAR SCREECHES TO A STOP BEFORE THE WILDLY WAVING
FIGURE OF FRED DUNCAN...

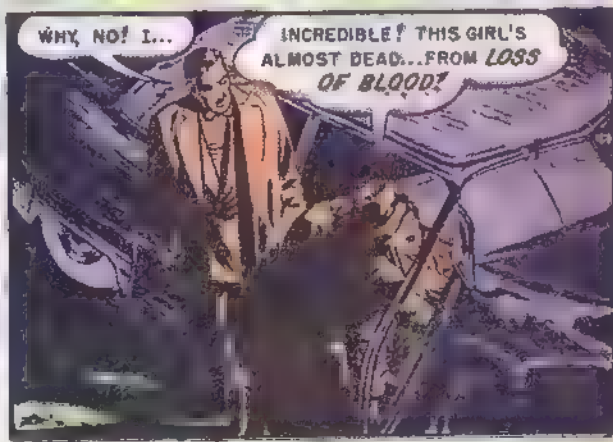
WHAT HAPPENED,
FREDDIE?

ACCIDENT...DOWN THE
ROAD! JEAN'S UNCONCIOUS!
HURRY!



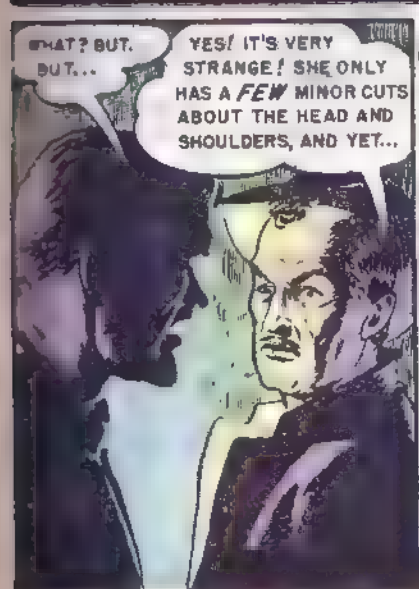
WHY, NO! I...

INCREDIBLE! THIS GIRL'S
ALMOST DEAD...FROM LOSS
OF BLOOD!



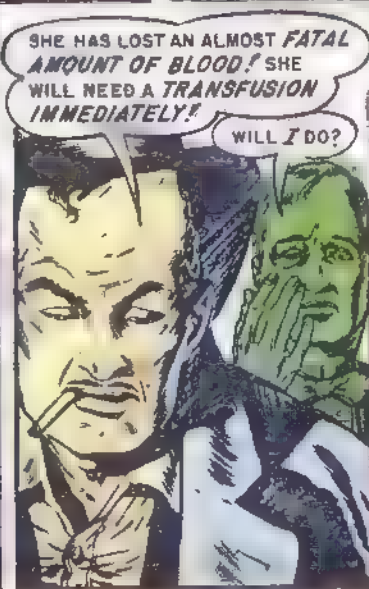
WHAT? BUT.
BUT...

YES! IT'S VERY
STRANGE! SHE ONLY
HAS A FEW MINOR CUTS
ABOUT THE HEAD AND
SHOULDERS, AND YET...



SHE HAS LOST AN ALMOST FATAL
AMOUNT OF BLOOD! SHE
WILL NEED A TRANSFUSION
IMMEDIATELY!

WILL I DO?

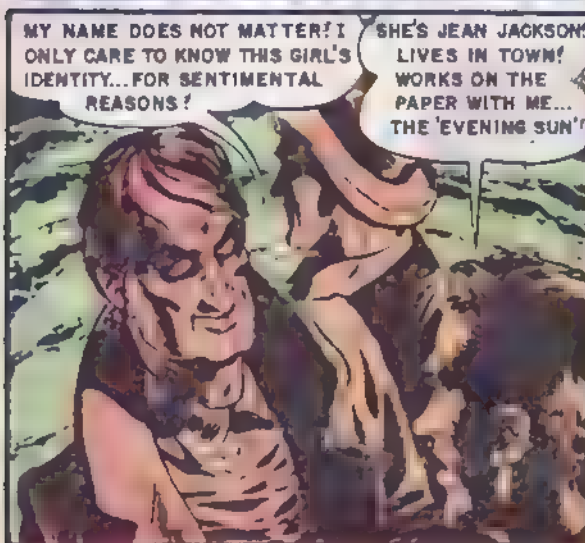
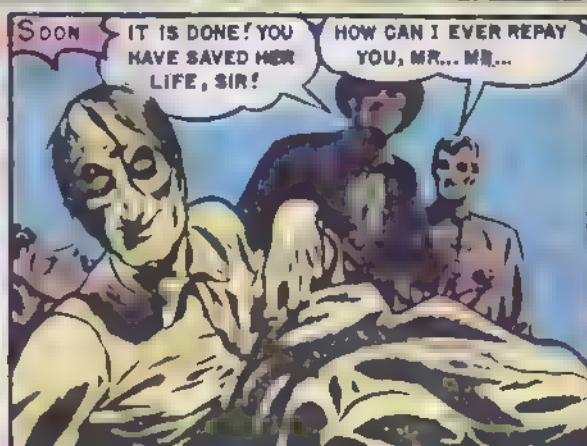
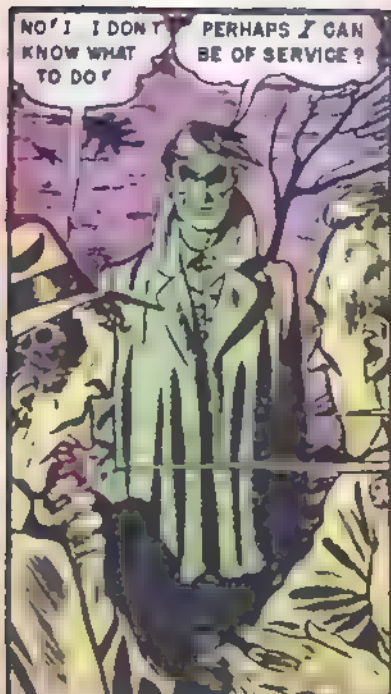


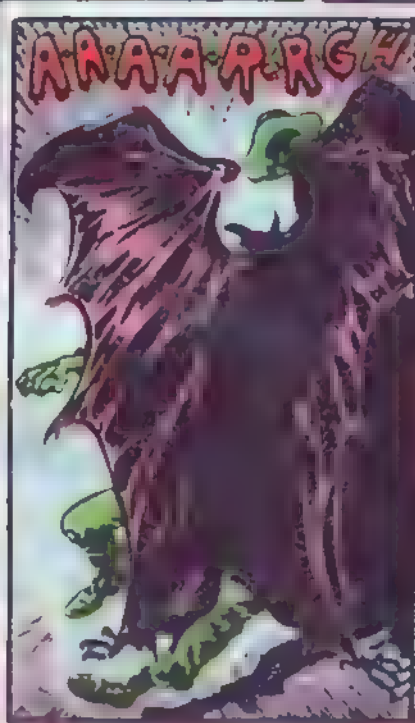
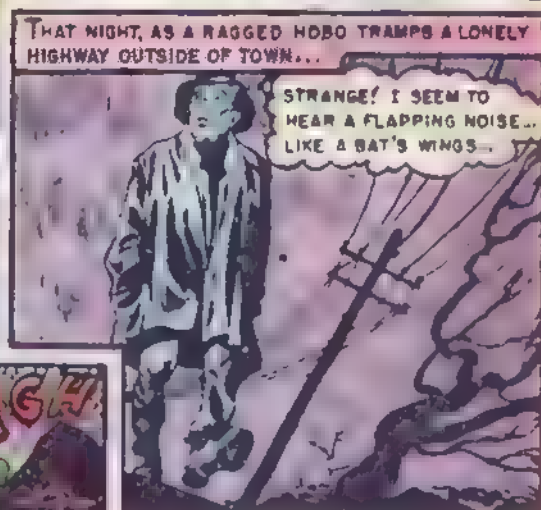
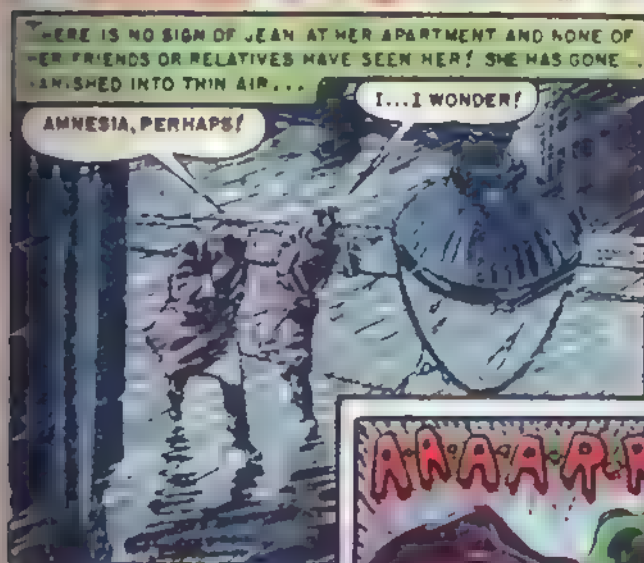
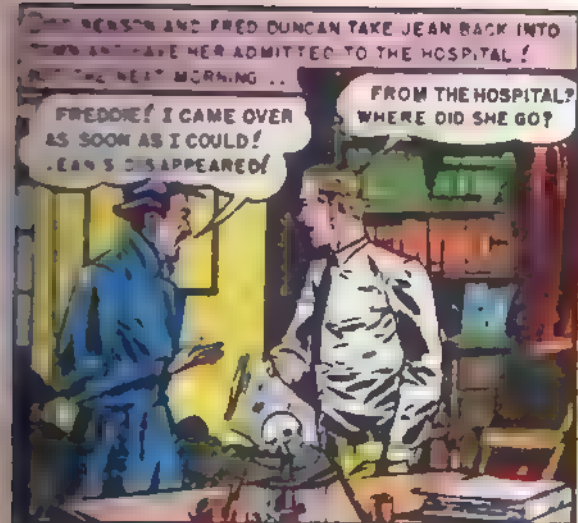
A HASTY BLOOD-TYPE TEST PROVES

NO, FREDDIE! YOU'RE
NOT HER BLOOD
TYPE! NEITHER
AM I!

WHAT CAN
WE DO? IS
THERE TIME
TO GET HER
TO TOWN?









THE NEXT DAY, THE TOWN IS SHOCKED BY THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

IT'S THE WORK OF A VAMPIRE!

NONSENSE! THERE IS NO SUCH THING!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, CALES! REMEMBER OLD RUFUS... HOW HE DIED?

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FRED DUNCAN SEARCHED EVERYWHERE FOR JEAN... TO NO AVAIL! MEANWHILE...

FOUR DEATHS IN FOUR NIGHTS! A PERSON AIN'T SAFE AT NIGHT ANYMORE!

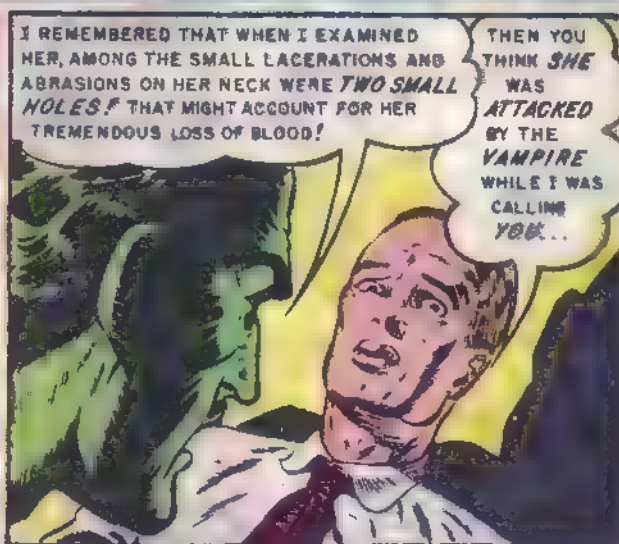
VAMPIRES! IT'S MADNESS!



AND THEN ONE NIGHT... DOC BENSON CAME TO FREDDIE...

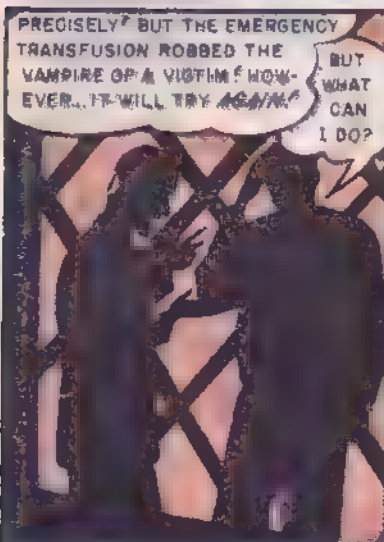
I... I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT JEAN, FREDDIE! SHE'S IN GREAT DANGER, WHEREVER SHE IS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DOC?



I REMEMBERED THAT WHEN I EXAMINED HER, AMONG THE SMALL LACERATIONS AND ABRASIONS ON HER NECK WERE *TWO SMALL HOLES*! THAT MIGHT ACCOUNT FOR HER TREMENDOUS LOSS OF BLOOD!

THEN YOU THINK *SHE* WAS ATTACKED BY THE VAMPIRE WHILE I WAS CALLING YOU...



PRECISELY! BUT THE EMERGENCY TRANSFUSION ROBBED THE VAMPIRE OF A VICTIM! NOW... EVER... IT WILL TRY AGAIN!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

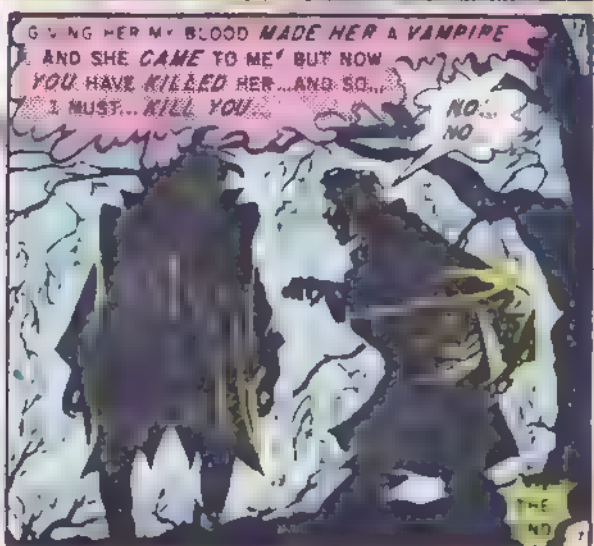
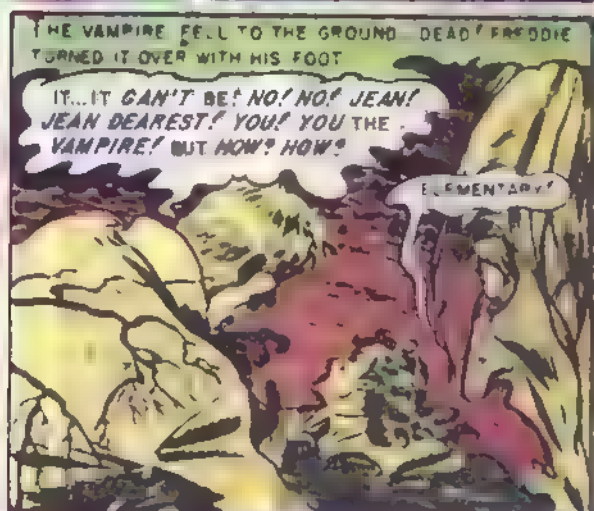
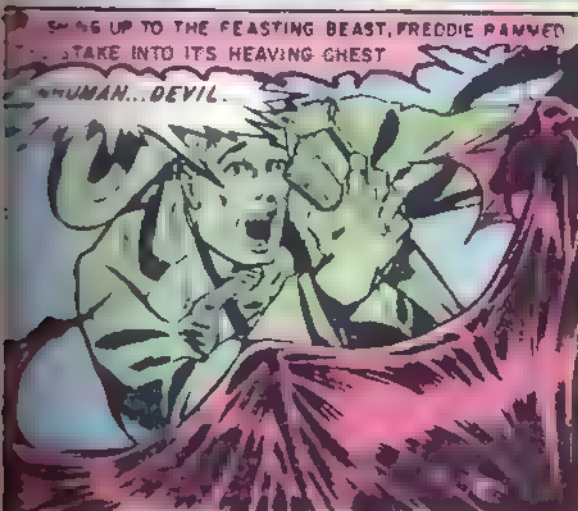
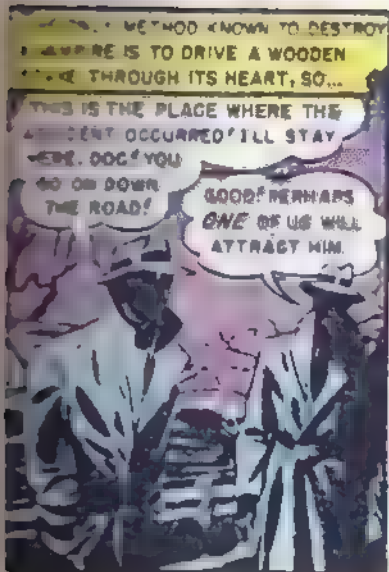


YOU'VE GOT TO GET THAT VAMPIRE BEFORE IT FINDS HER!

WAIT. WAIT A MINUTE!

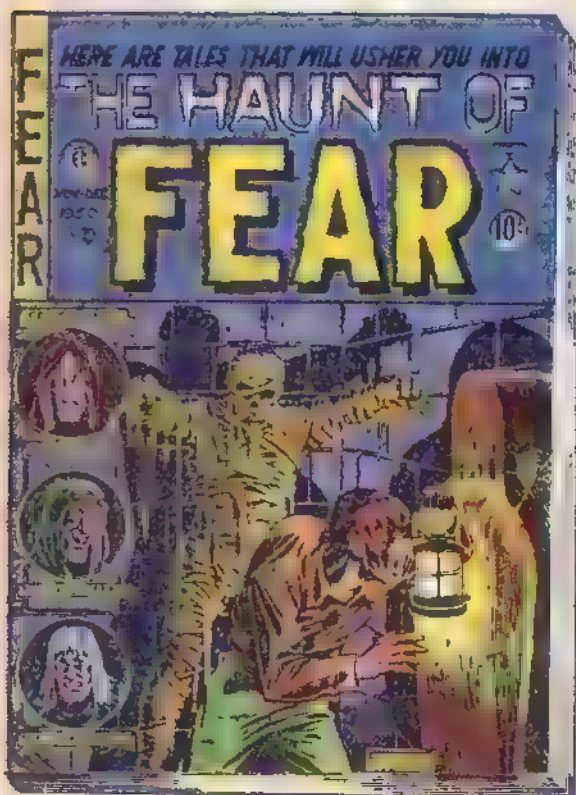


THAT LONELY STRETCH OF ROAD WHERE JEAN AND I HAD THE ACCIDENT! ALL OF THE VAMPIRE'S VICTIMS WERE ATTACKED IN THAT SAME LOCALITY! IF WE WERE TO GO THERE... ARMED...



SUSPENSE STORY FANS!

HERE'S ANOTHER MAGAZINE SPECIFICALLY DESIGNED TO *TERRORIZE* YOU... TO MAKE THE BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR VEINS! FOR *SPINE-TINGLING* TALES AT THEIR ILLUSTRATED BEST.. *READ:*



AN ENTERTAINING
COMIC

ANOTHER
'NEW TREND'
SURE-FIRE WINNER!

ON SALE NOW
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

AN ENTERTAINING
COMIC

THE WAY OUT!

They had seen him here aboard-ship; unless he could escape now, the life to which he clung so precariously was doomed within the next few hours! They would hunt him down relentlessly . . . regardless of how crowded the ship was they would dispose of him so that no trace was left. After all, death was their business! And they were skilled practitioners

No matter where he hid they would hunt him down without remorse. To go to the ship's officers would be merely to expose his identity, and choosing between the methods of his pursuers and the authorities was something a fugitive could not do! There was only one way out: if he was to make good his escape he must leave the boat. Even out here in mid-ocean his chances for survival were better in the tossing seas than on the same deck which harbored certain death! After all, the ship was on one of the busiest trade routes . . . other craft were bound to pass by! And, overboard, they would probably consider him drowned . . . write him off their books as dead. It was his only chance!

Somehow he evaded them until after darkness had fallen around the churning ship. Silently he crept towards the stern rail, and reasonably sure that he had not been seen, he dove far over the ship's side. The impact of the water against his face and

mer: stunned him . . . it was like feeling the blow of a sledge-hammer! Down down down he plunged, into the jet black turbulence of the water at the ship's rear. A great weight pressed in around him, as if the water itself was an enemy, in league with those who were intent on destroying him! He tried to move his arms, to brush his legs, to fight his way back to the surface. In another thirty seconds he knew his breath would give out. He had to get back to the surface *had to* . . .

And then, somehow, he felt himself rising swiftly . . . being propelled upwards by a force he could not explain. In less time than it took him to plunge into the depths he shot clear of the water . . . and gulping free air once more, he discovered the source of his salvation. The water for yards around him boiled white and angry. He looked up in fear and saw the ship's stern hovering high and ominous above him. His plans had gone awfully awry. Instead of being left far behind in its wake, he was being drawn ever closer to the ship!

Even as he fought desperately to keep his head above water he saw the ship veering closer. In the tempestuous milky-white of the ship's wake he saw the momentary glint of the propellers. Like immense razors they were cutting through the sea nothing could withstand their murderous sharpness! He was doomed . . . he had escaped the enemy on board ship only to fall prey to the crashing propellers even now sucking him forward! They were coming closer . . . those blades! He could hear their furious whirr . . . could even scent the smell of his own horrible death . . .



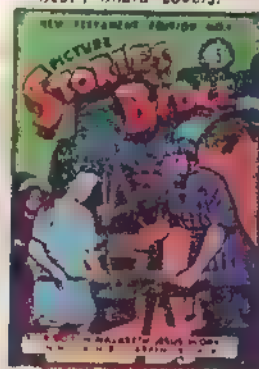
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THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Drag over that bed of nails, kiddies, and sling your quivering bodies upon it! It's time for another of our POINTED discussions! First, let's BURY the results of the voting on last issue's stories! My small staff of VAMPIRES, after several long nights of tabulating and drinking . . . I keep them well supplied with BLOOD, you know! . . . has just handed me the dripping results! Feldstein's ELECTRIFYING tale, A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE, garnered first place. In this issue, he presents to you a ghastly little piece entitled THE THING FROM THE GRAVE! Second place was taken by Graham Ingels' chiller, DEATH SUITED HIM! Naturally, GHASTLY GRAHAM is well represented this time with his BLOOD TYPE "V" . . . a real surdler! THE HOUSE OF HORROR, masterpiece by Kurtzman received third place honors. Fourth place was snagged by Wood with his TERROR RIDE. BURIAL, the best, was in last place. (Hmmm . . . BURIAL hit bottom! What a GRAVE result!)

By this time, fiendish fans, I trust you have realized that this issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT marks a milestone in publishing history! You've heard of the THREE MUSKETEERS . . . one for all and all for one? Well, in this issue . . . for the very first time . . . you have the THREE GHOULUNATICS . . . each for himself and all for none! Gad, how we HATE each other! However, the VAULT-KEEPER and I have gained something by this unholy alliance. Y'see, THE OLD WITCH tricked both of us into allowing her to appear in each of our magazines. This, plus the fact that she has her own magazine, THE HAUNT OF FEAR, means that she appeared three

times to our once! So there was only one thing to do! UNITE against the common enemy! So from now on, the Vault-Keeper will appear in my magazine, and I in his mad-mag, THE VAULT OF HORROR! We are now working on a plan to trick the OLD WITCH into signing a contract with us so that we can both appear in her mag and even things up! So look for the THREE GHOULUNATICS in three magazines: TALES FROM THE CRYPT (OF TERROR), THE VAULT OF HORROR, and THE HAUNT OF FEAR!

Oh, one more thing before we terminate this revolting shrunked tete-a-tete! I have received requests for information on how to subscribe to my magazine. 'Sinatter? Doncha like to rummage through interior comics looking for mine? Doncha like to scrounge and scrounge and not find it because all the copies have been sold out? Doncha like to be deprived of sleepless nights? Well, I don't blame you! So here's the scoop straight from the MUMMY'S mouth! Send 75c and your name and address written clearly in blood (or ink, if you simply cannot obtain that tasty beverage) to me.

The Crypt-Keeper,
Room 706, Dept. 22,
225 Lafayette Street,
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.

For this paltry sum, you will receive a full year's supply . . . six disgusting issues of this, my terrorific magazine. And remember, keep those letters of approval and disapproval pouring in! Vote for your favorite story . . . and watch for the reeking results! Mail your letters to me at the above address!

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 23, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1948 (Title 49 United States Code Section 2331)

OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, business manager, and owner are: Publisher, L. L. K., Pub. Co., Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Editor, W. L. K., Attn: Mr. 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business Manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is, (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereafter the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the name and address of the individual owner must be given; if owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.) L. L. K., Pub. Co., Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; J. L. K., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Wm. M. G. Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue published during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was 17,500. It is required that daily, weekly, or otherwise, to each subscriber, during the 12 months preceding the date shown above, 17,500 copies of the publication be distributed free of charge, weekly, or otherwise, to each subscriber, during the 12 months preceding the date shown above.

Signed FRANK D. LEE, Business Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of September, 1950.
Attest the Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1952.)

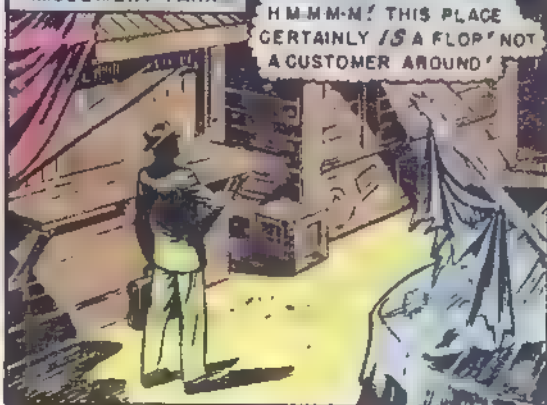
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HEE, HEE! WELCOME, DEAR READERS! COME IN! COME IN! I AM THE OLD WITCH! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE *CRYPT-KEEPER'S* MAGAZINE, I BREW A SPINE-TINGLING TERROR-TALE HERE IN MY CAULDRON! AS THE CONTENTS STEAM AND BUBBLE, GAZE INTO THE VAPORS... AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE FIRST SCENE OF A TALE I CALL...

DEATH'S TURN!

A LONE FIGURE CARRYING A LEATHER BRIEF CASE STANDS IN THE DESERTED MIDWAY OF A RUN-DOWN AMUSEMENT PARK.

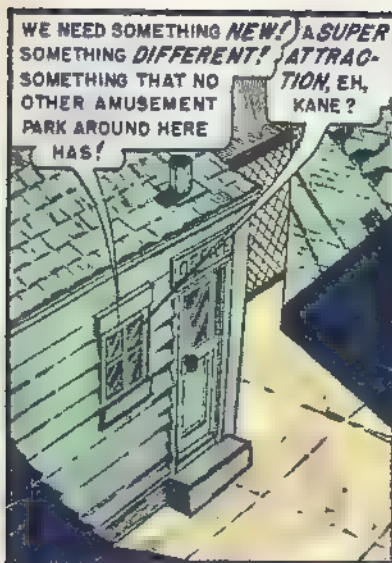


DOWN AT THE OTHER END OF THE EMPTY MIDWAY, IN A SHACK MARKED "OFFICE", TWO MEN ARE TALKING.

WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP OPEN ANOTHER WEEK, KANE! BUSINESS IS ROTTEN!

THERE *MUST* BE A WAY TO GET FOLKS OUT HERE, GROSSEN! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!





WE NEED SOMETHING **NEW!** A **SUPER** SOMETHING **DIFFERENT!** **ATTRACTION**, EH, KANE?

HAS!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR, AND THE MAN CARRYING THE BRIEF CASE ENTERS THE SHACK.

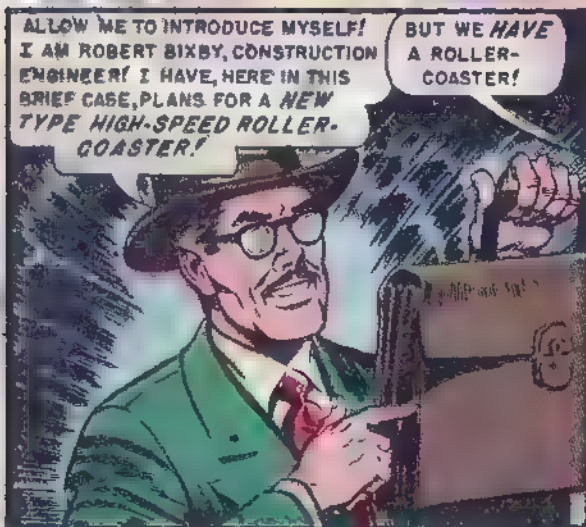
YEAH, BUD? WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU?

ARE YOU THE OWNERS OF THIS AMUSEMENT PARK?



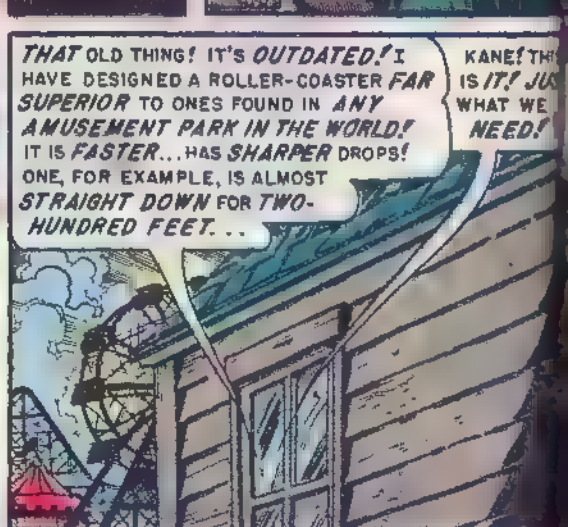
YES! WE'RE THE UNFORTUNATE ONES!

GENTLEMEN! YOUR PROBLEMS ARE SOLVED!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I AM ROBERT BIXBY, CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER! I HAVE, HERE IN THIS BRIEF CASE, PLANS FOR A **NEW TYPE HIGH-SPEED ROLLER-COASTER!**

BUT WE HAVE A ROLLER-COASTER!



THAT OLD THING! IT'S OUTDATED! I HAVE DESIGNED A ROLLER-COASTER **FAR SUPERIOR** TO ONES FOUND IN **ANY AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE WORLD!** IT IS **FASTER...** HAS **SHARPER DROPS!** ONE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS ALMOST **STRAIGHT DOWN FOR TWO-HUNDRED FEET...**

KANE! THIS IS IT! JUST WHAT WE NEED!



YES, CROSSEN! I CAN SEE IT NOW! 'THE FASTEST ROLLER-COASTER IN THE WORLD!...' WE DARE YOU TO RIDE IT!...

MISTER! WE'LL BUY IT! LET'S SEE THE PLANS!

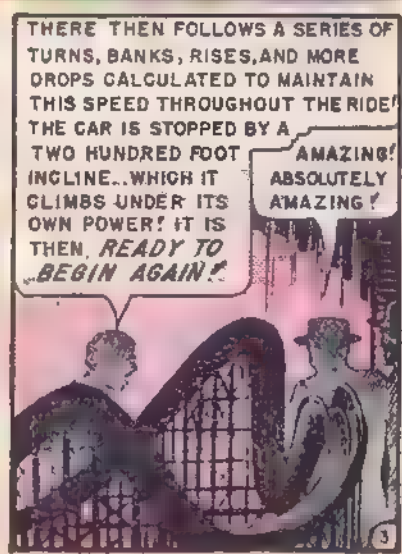
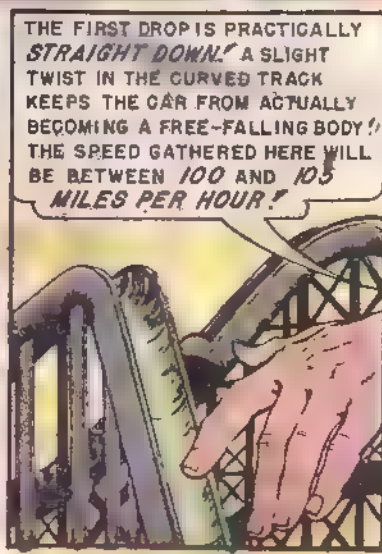
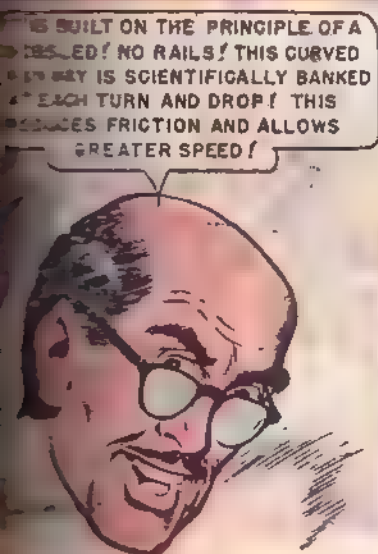
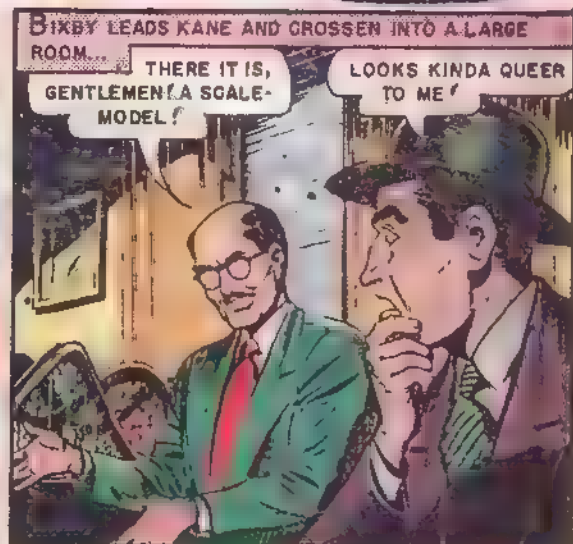
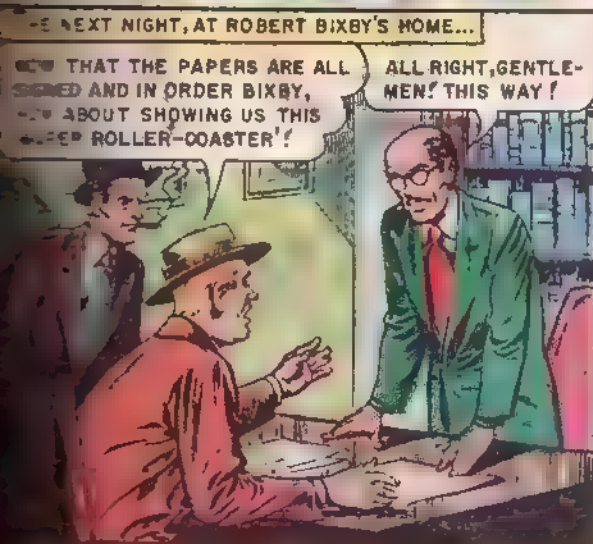
AH, GENTLEMEN! THERE'S JUST ONE STIPULATION!

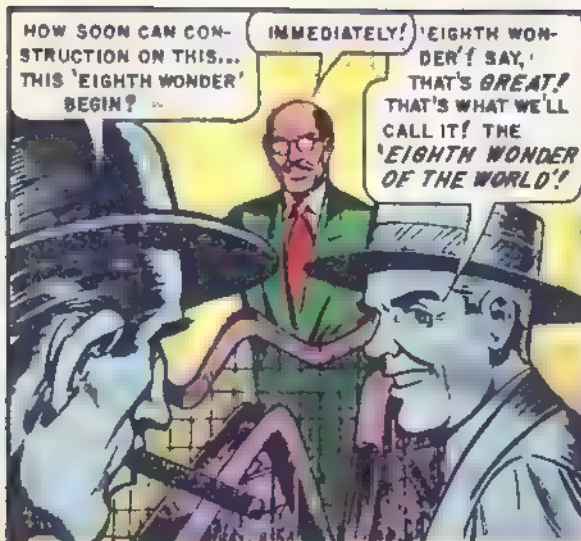


STRINGS ATTACHED?

OKAY! WHAT'S YOUR PROPOSITION?

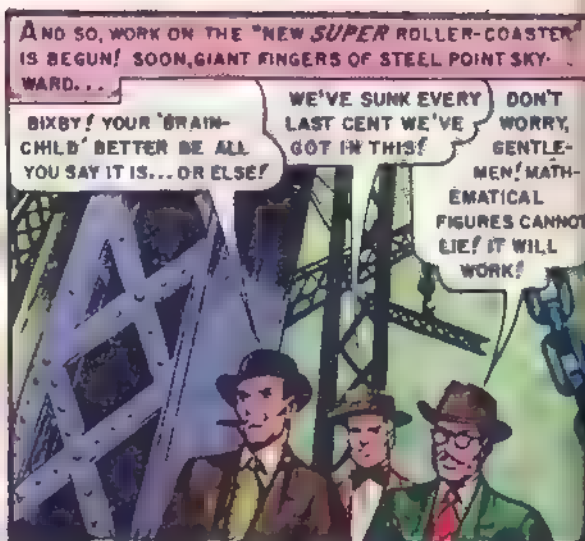
FOR THESE PLANS I WANT TO BE TAKEN IN AS A **THIRD PARTNER** IN THE **ENTIRE AMUSEMENT PARK!**





HOW SOON CAN CONSTRUCTION ON THIS... THIS 'EIGHTH WONDER' BEGIN?

IMMEDIATELY! 'EIGHTH WONDER' I SAY! THAT'S GREAT! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL IT! THE 'EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD'!



AND SO, WORK ON THE "NEW SUPER ROLLER-COASTER" IS BEGUN! SOON, GIANT FINGERS OF STEEL POINT SKYWARD...

BIXBY! YOUR 'BRAIN-CHILD' BETTER BE ALL YOU SAY IT IS... OR ELSE!

WE'VE SUNK EVERY LAST CENT WE'VE GOT IN THIS! DON'T WORRY, GENTLEMEN! MATHEMATICAL FIGURES CANNOT LIE! IT WILL WORK!



LITTLE BY LITTLE, AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS GO BY, THE HUGE COLOSSUS TAKES SHAPE...

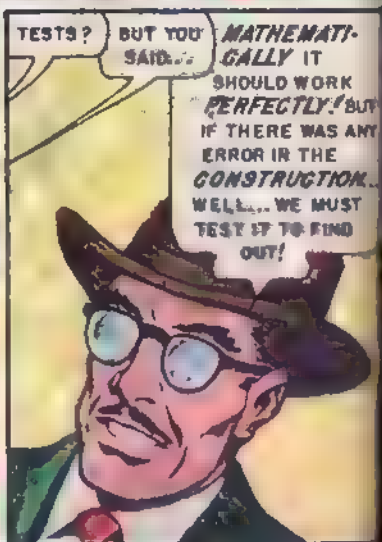
WELL, GENTLEMEN! IT IS ALMOST COMPLETE!



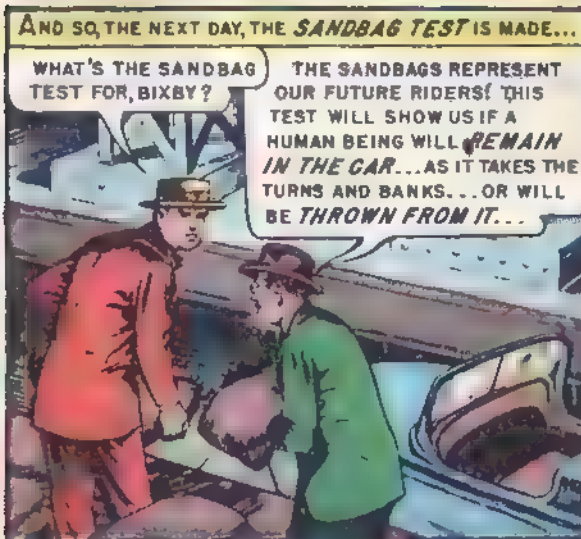
AND THEN, THE LONG AWAITED DAY ARRIVES WHEN THE LAST RIVET IS DRIVEN HOME... AND THE "EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD" IS COMPLETED.

FINISHED... AT LAST!

HOW SOON TILL WE OPEN FOR BUSINESS? PATIENCE, GENTLEMEN! FIRST THERE ARE SOME TESTS TO BE MADE!



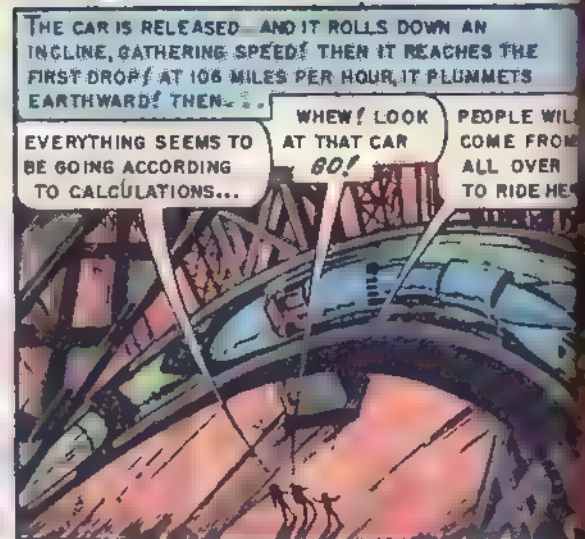
TESTS? BUT YOU SAID... MATHEMATICALLY IT SHOULD WORK PERFECTLY! BUT IF THERE WAS ANY ERROR IN THE CONSTRUCTION... WELL... WE MUST TEST IT TO FIND OUT!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THE *SANDBAG TEST* IS MADE...

WHAT'S THE SANDBAG TEST FOR, BIXBY?

THE SANDBAGS REPRESENT OUR FUTURE RIDERS! THIS TEST WILL SHOW US IF A HUMAN BEING WILL REMAIN IN THE CAR... AS IT TAKES THE TURNS AND BANKS... OR WILL BE THROWN FROM IT...

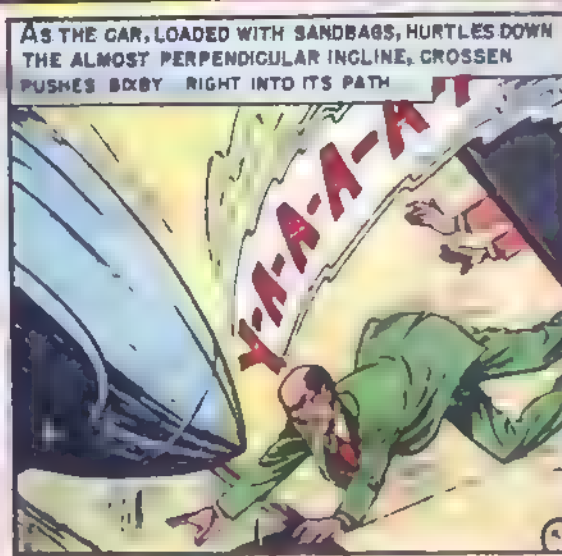
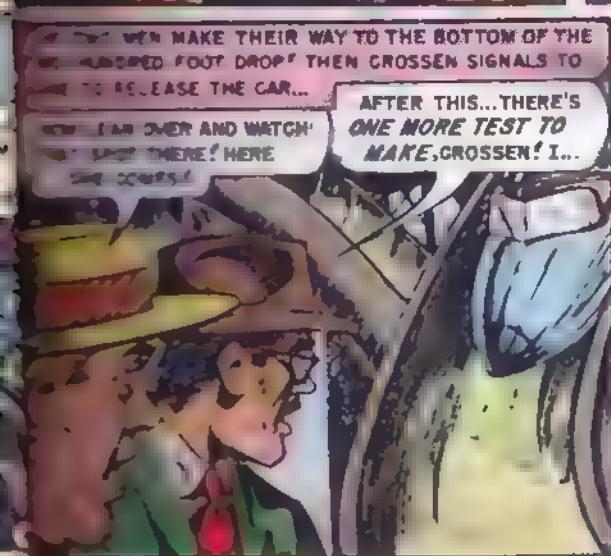
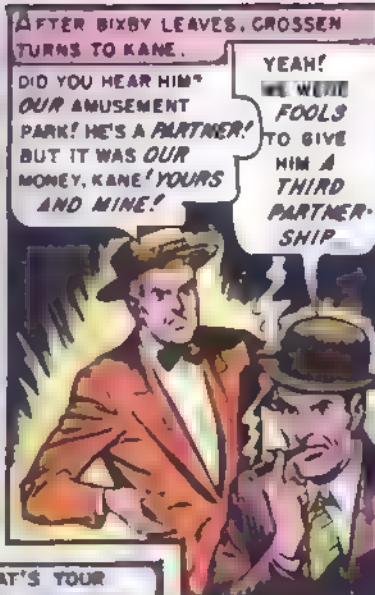
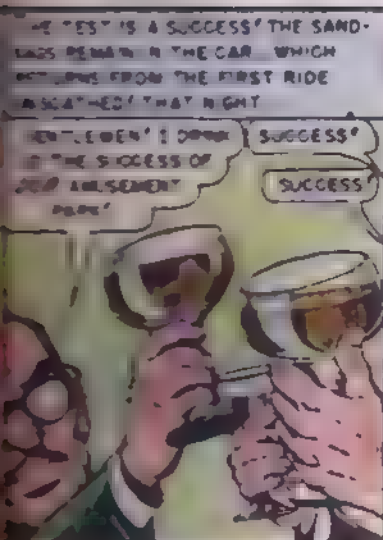


THE CAR IS RELEASED—AND IT ROLLS DOWN AN INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED! THEN IT REACHES THE FIRST DROP! AT 106 MILES PER HOUR, IT PLUMMETS EARTHWARD! THEN...

EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE GOING ACCORDING TO CALCULATIONS...

WHEW! LOOK AT THAT CAR GO!

PEOPLE WILL COME FROM ALL OVER TO RIDE HERE!



HE IS KILLED INSTANTLY! A TON OF STEEL FLYING AT 105 MILES PER HOUR PACKS A **MIGHTY WALLOP!** THEY CALL IT AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT! KANE AND GROSSEN HAVE IT HUSHED UP! THE PUBLICITY MIGHT HARM BUSINESS

WELL! TODAY'S THE BIG DAY, KANE!

YEAH! AND LOOK AT THE CROWDS FLOCKING IN ALREADY!



YES! THE CROWDS COME FROM ALL OVER AS KANE HAD PREDICTED! THEY FILL THE NEWLY RENOVATED AMUSEMENT PARK EACH PERSON CLAMORING TO BE THE **FIRST TO RIDE THE 'EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD'.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! I THINK IT IS ONLY FITTING AND PROPER THAT...BEFORE WE OPEN THIS WONDEROUS ROLLER-COASTER TO YOU, THE PUBLIC...MY PARTNER AND I, WHO BUILT AND PLANNED IT, BE THE **FIRST TO RIDE IT!**



THE TWO EAGER MEN GET INTO THE CAR AND SIT DOWN

IMAGINE, GROSSEN! POOR BIXBY NEVER EVEN **BOAT TO RIDE** HIS OWN BRAINCHILD!

TCH, TCH! A SHAME, KANE! A SHAME!



THE CAR IS RELEASED AND IT BEGINS TO MOVE DOWN THE INCLINE, GATHERING SPEED.

HERE COMES THE FIRST DROP, KANE!

I'M GOING TO CLOSE MY EYES! I'M...AFRAID!



THE CROWD IS STILL A HUSH HAS FALLEN OVER IT! THE ONLY SOUND HEARD IS THE WHIRRING OF THE ROLLER-COASTER CAR OVER ITS CURVED TRACK! THEN...

HERE THEY COME!

THEY'RE COMING BACK!



THE CAR MOVED UP THE TWO-HUNDRED FOOT INCLINE AND CAME TO A STOP! THE TWO MEN IN THE CAR DIDN'T MOVE! THEY JUST SAT THERE, LEERING THEIR HEADS AT A GROTESQUE ANGLE. THEIR EYES BULGING

WHAT THE?

THEY'RE DEAD! BOTH OF THEM!


THEIR NECKS BROKEN...



HEE, HEE! THAT'S RIGHT! THEY WERE DEAD! THEIR NECKS SNAPPED LIKE DRIED TWIGS! HEE, HEE! YEP, IT WAS THE **FASTEST...THE GREATEST ROLLER COASTER IN THE WORLD!** HEE, HEE! SO FAST... SO CONSTRUCTED... THAT NO HUMAN BEING COULD SURVIVE THE STRAIN OF A RIDE ON IT! BIXBY HAD THOUGHT ABOUT THAT! IT WAS THE **ONE TEST HE STILL HAD TO MAKE!** TOO BAD HE DIDN'T GET THE CHANCE! SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE! 'BYE, NOW!



THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HEH! HEH! DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED! YES, I AM THE VAULT-KEEPER! I'VE BEEN INVITED BY THE CRYPT-KEEPER TO TELL ONE OF MY BETTER STORIES TO YOU! AND IN RETURN I'VE ASKED HIM TO RELATE ONE OF HIS CHILLERS IN MY MAGAZINE, *THE VAULT OF HORROR*! SO COME IN AND RELAX! WE CAN HOLD HANDS! HEH! HEH! I HAVE A WHOLE CASKETFUL OF THEM! HEH! HEH! HEH! SETTLE BACK NOW, AND LET ME SPIN THE YARN I CALL...

The Curse of the Arnold Clan!



IT IS THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 31, 1950. NEW YEAR'S EVE... AT THE HOME OF ROBERT AND BESS ARNOLD, WE FIND THEM ENGROSSSED IN HECTIC PREPARATIONS FOR A PARTY...

OH, ROBERT, HOW COULD YOU BE SO THOUGHTLESS AS TO FORGET TO PICK UP YOUR COSTUME FROM THE STORE?

WELL, THERE'S NO USE CRYING OVER SPILT MILK! STORE'S CLOSED NOW. I'LL JUST HAVE TO GO WITHOUT... WAIT A MINUTE!



JOHNNY CRAIG

UP IN THE ATTIC!
THERE'S LOTS OF
OLD CLOTHES UP
THERE! CLOTHES
WORN BY MY
ANCESTORS
GENERATIONS
AGO! I'LL RUN
UP AND HAVE
A LOOK!

WELL, I HOPE
YOU FIND
SOMETHING!
AND HURRY,
DEAR... IT'S
GETTING LATE!

...HAVEN'T BEEN UP HERE
SINCE I WAS A KID! CONFOUND
IT! I'M CERTAIN THOSE OLD
CLOTHES WERE IN ONE OF
THESE TRUNKS! MAYBE
THAT ONE OVER THERE
IN THE CORNER!

AH! HERE'S WHAT I WAS
LOOKING FOR! HOPE THEY
FIT! DON'T WANT TO... SAY,
WHAT'S THIS? AN OLD
BOOK!

'THE CURSE OF THE ARNOLD CLAN!'
HMPF! NEVER SAW THIS BEFORE! A
BOOK TELLING ALL ABOUT MY
ANCESTORS! WRITTEN IN 1903...
ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO! WONDER
WHAT IT SAYS...

1750—the first of the Arnolds, Jeremiah,
lies in his death-bed with his two sons,
Jason and George, at his side...

MY SONS... I SHALL SOON BE OF ANOTHER
WORLD. I LEAVE A WILL STATING THAT MY
WEALTH IS TO BE DIVIDED BETWEEN THEE
BOTH ON JANUARY 1ST, 1751! USE THE
MONEY WISELY!

"But one son, Jason Arnold, brooded and
sulked as New Year's Day moved closer...
ever closer..."

I SHALL NOT SHARE FATHER'S
WEALTH WITH GEORGE! I AM
OLDER THAN HE... I SHOULD
HAVE IT ALL! I WILL NOT
BE DONE OUT OF IT!

"And by New Year's Eve, Jason had decided..."

JASON! 'TIS NEW YEAR'S
EVE! WHY DO YE BRING
ME OUT HERE IN THIS
WILDS? WHY?

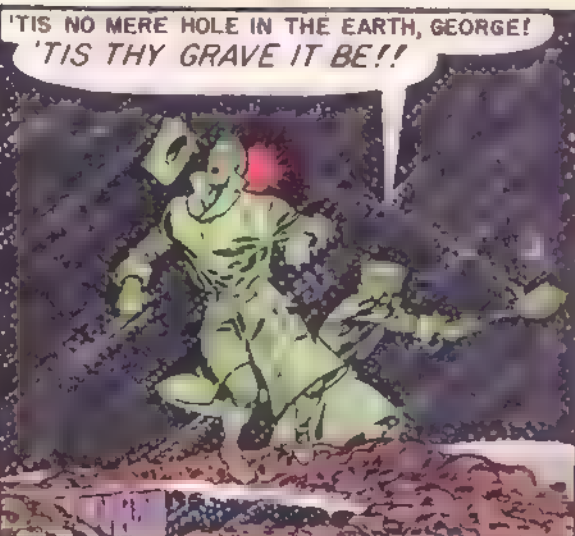
PATIENCE, GEORGE!
I HAVE SOMETHING
TO SHOW THEE!

THERE, GEORGE!
THERE, BEFORE THEE,
IS WHAT I HAVE
BROUGHT THEE
TO SEE!

JASON! BE YE DAFT?
ON SUCH A FREEZING
EVE, YE BRING ME HERE
TO GAZE AT A MERE HOLE
IN THE EARTH?

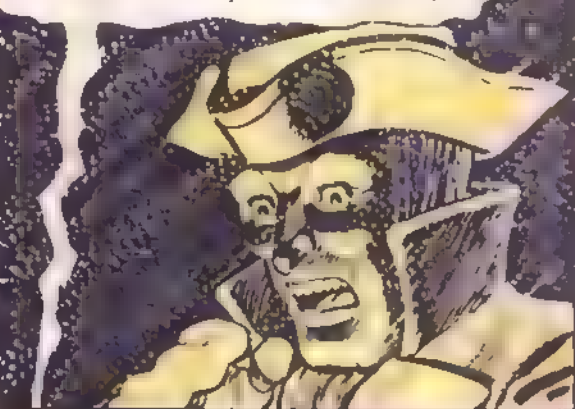


'TIS NO MERE HOLE IN THE EARTH, GEORGE!
'TIS THY GRAVE IT BE!!



Jason tossed his brother's limp form into
the gaping hole and heaped the cold,
moist dirt upon him. Suddenly...

JASON! I CURSE THEE, JASON! I GURSE THEE
AND THY DESCENDANTS! EVERY FIFTY YEARS,
ON NEW YEAR'S EVE; THE ELDEST OF THY
DESCENDANTS SHALL BE BURIED ALIVE!!
THIS BE MY CURSE, BROTHER JASON!



JASON

WHA...? 'TIS GEORGE!
CALLING TO ME FROM
HIS GRAVE!

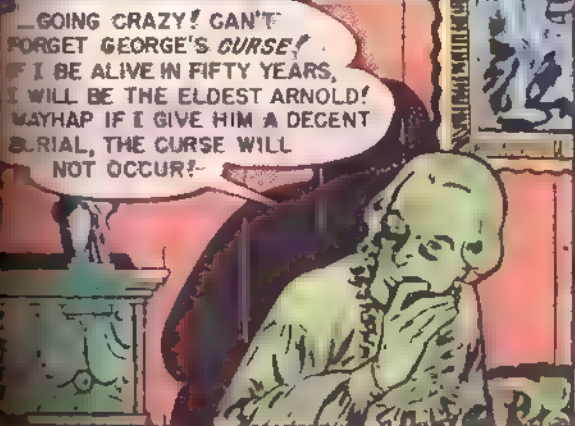


In a fearful state, Jason finished his work
and returned home. He received the
entire inheritance...but he lived in fear...

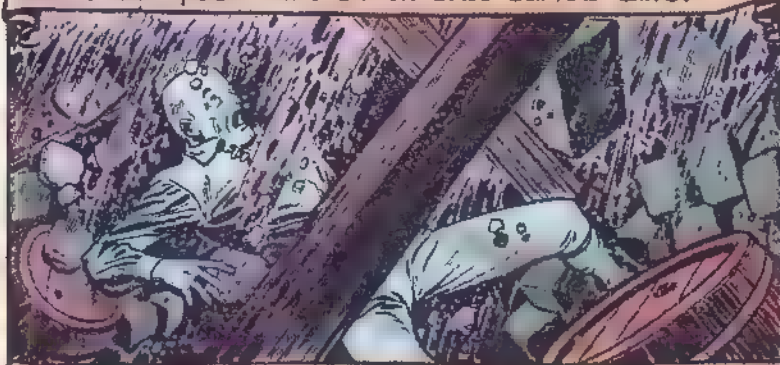
And so it was that with the Spring thaw,
George's body was 'found' and later
laid to rest in a mausoleum...

...GOING CRAZY! CAN'T
FORGET GEORGE'S CURSE!
IF I BE ALIVE IN FIFTY YEARS,
I WILL BE THE ELDEST ARNOLD!
MAYHAP IF I GIVE HIM A DECENT
BURIAL, THE CURSE WILL
NOT OCCUR!-

HERE, MY BROTHER! I BURY THEE WITH THY
TRUSTY MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN IN THE
HOPE THAT NOW AT LAST
YOU WILL SET MY MIND
AT REST!



"But Jason found no peace. He squandered all his wealth trying to find happiness, and on New Year's Eve, fifty years later, while cowering in his cellar, his house collapsed...and Jason was buried alive!"



"The first curse of the Arnold clan had come to pass!"

"Jason Arnold had died in 1900, and for the next fifty years all was well...until New Year's Eve, 1950..."

THE ARNOLD CURSE SHAN'T WORK ON *ME*! I'VE LIVED IN THIS WILDERNESS FOR YEARS... ALL ALONE! I'LL NOT BE BURIED UNDER A FALLING HOUSE OR ANY SUCH THING!



"And for the second time, the curse of the Arnold clan had taken its toll!"



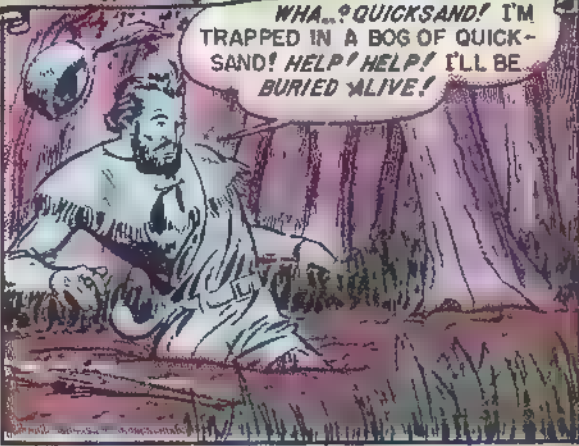
"It was the same in 1900. On New Year's Eve, William Arnold, while working the night shift in a coal mine, was trapped in a shaft cave-in!"



HEH, HEH, HEH! QUITE A TREASURY OF INFORMATION, EH? WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE READING THAT BOOK, AND IT WAS ABOUT YOUR FAMILY? HEH! OF COURSE...YOU'D READ ON! AND THAT'S JUST WHAT ROBERT ARNOLD DID!



"No, there were no buildings or people by which Albert Arnold could be harmed. Nothing, except..."



WHA...? QUICKSAND! I'M TRAPPED IN A BOG OF QUICKSAND! HELP! HELP! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!

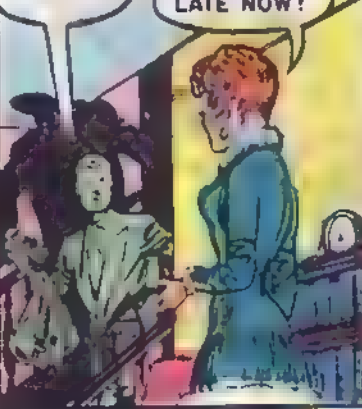
HMPF! THAT'S ALL THERE IS! LET'S SEE... LAST TIME WAS IN 1900. THEN THE NEXT TIME WILL BE NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1950... GOSH! THAT'S TONIGHT! AND I'M THE OLDEST LIVING ARNOLD!



HA! WHY, IT'S **RIDICULOUS!** THOSE DEATHS WERE ONLY A LOT OF FREAK **ACCIDENTS!** HA! WHAT NONSENSE! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO ME!



I FOUND A HONEY OF A COLO-
NIAL COSTUME, DEAR!
I'LL BE READY
IN A FEW
MINUTES!



PLEASE HURRY,
ROBERT WE'RE
LATE NOW!

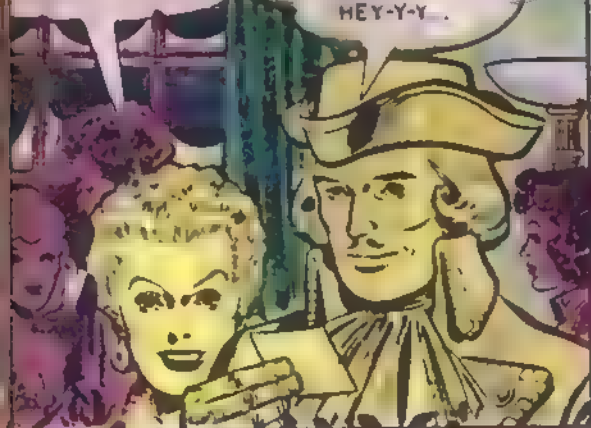
HEH! WELL, ROBERT AND BESS
WENT TO THE PARTY. THEY HAD
A GAY TIME LAUGHING, DRINKING
DANCING! AND THEN THE HOST
MADE AN ANNOUNCEMENT...



HA! HA! THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS, A
SCAVENGER HUNT! EVERYONE
WILL DRAW A TICKET, AND THE
FIRST PERSON TO BRING BACK
WHATEVER'S WRITTEN ON THEIR
TICKET GETS A **PRIZE!** C'MON!



OH, GOODNESS! I
HAVE TO BRING
BACK A
MOOSE-HEAD!

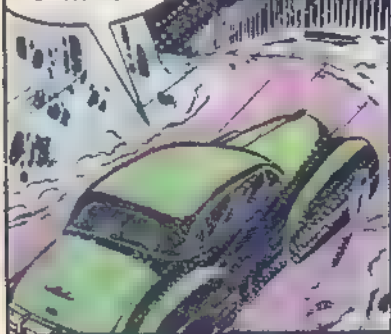


GOSH! I HAVE TO FIND AN
OLD MUSKET AND A
POWDER-HORN! WHERE
THE DEVIL WILL I ...
HEY-Y-Y.

MY ANCESTOR, GEORGE ARNOLD, WAS **BURIED**
WITH A MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN! HM-M-M.
AND THE GEMETERY ISN'T
FAR FROM HERE, EITHER.



...GEMETERY IS
JUST AHEAD!
I'LL HAVE THAT
MUSKET AND
POWDER-HORN
BEFORE THE
OTHERS EVEN
START!



I'LL HAVE TO SNEAK IN. THE
CARETAKER WOULD NEVER
LET ME IN *THIS* TIME OF
NIGHT, ESPECIALLY IN *THIS*
GET-UP!



THERE'S THE MAUSOLEUM
OVER THERE! BOY! THIS
PLACE IS *WEIRD*! HOPE
THIS DOESN'T TAKE
LONG!



I'M IN LUCK! THIS DOOR IS SO
OLD, THE LOCK WAS JUST ABOUT
RUSTED AWAY! I COULD HAVE
OPENED IT WITH A HAIRPIN!



AH! HERE IT IS!
THE LAST RESTING
PLACE OF GEORGE
ARNOLD!



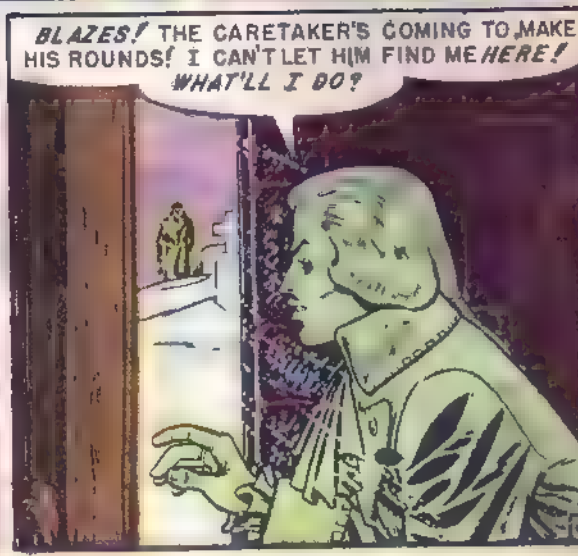
... MUSKET AND POWDER-HORN
SHOULD BE INSIDE! *UNH!* THIS
SLAB IS... SURE
HEAVY!



WHEW! BOY! THAT WAS
A *JOB*! UGH! WHAT A
SMELL! HERE'S THE
MUSKET AND...
WHAT'S THAT?



BLAZES! THE CARETAKER'S COMING TO MAKE
HIS ROUNDS! I CAN'T LET HIM FIND ME *HERE*!
WHAT'LL I DO?



HE'S COMING CLOSER! IF HE SEES THIS OPEN DOOR, HE'LL INVESTIGATE! I'LL HIDE IN ONE OF THE COFFINS! AFTER HE PASSES, I'LL LEAVE!



OLD GEORGE WON'T MIND IF I USE HIS RESTING PLACE FOR A WHILE! NOW TO... CLOSE THIS... TOP!



CLANK!

HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THE LID! GREAT SCOTT! IT LOCKED WHEN I SHUT IT! I'M LOCKED IN! I CAN'T GET OUT! HELP!

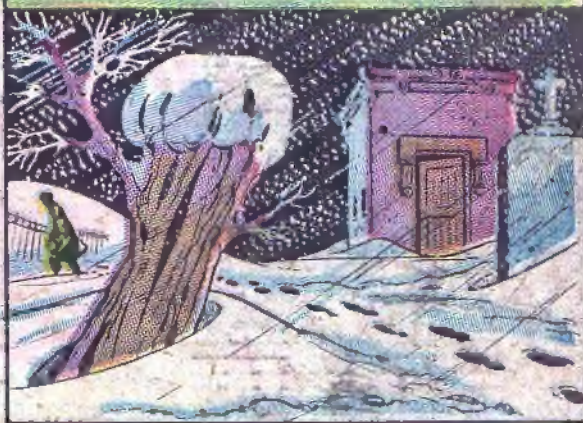


CARETAKER! CARETAKER! SOB! PLEASE! HELP ME! GET ME OUT! I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE! PLEASE!

PLEASE!



BUT THE CARETAKER, HIS EARS MUFFLED AGAINST THE COLD, DOESN'T HEAR THE CRIES FOR HELP THAT ARE BEING DROWNED OUT BY THE WINTRY GALE, AND HE PLODS TIREDLY ON...



ROBERT'S SCREAMS LASTED FOR A LONG TIME. BUT FINALLY, INEXORABLY, THEY CEASED! AND THEN ACROSS THE CEMETERY CAME THE CHIMES OF A CHURCH BELL... TOLLING THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT. IT WAS NEW YEAR'S EVE... AND THE CURSE OF THE ARNOLD CLAN ONCE AGAIN HAD COME TRUE!



HA! HA! HA! WELL, ROBERT REALLY GOT HIMSELF INTO A *GRAVE SITUATION*, DIDN'T HE? POOR ROBERT... TOO BAD HE HAD TO GO OUT WITH THE OLD YEAR! AT LEAST, HE WON'T HAVE A NEW YEAR'S HANGOVER! NO, ROBERT WASN'T DEAD *DRUNK*. HE WAS JUST DEAD! HEH! WELL, VISIT WITH ME IN MY MAGAZINE, THE *VAULT OF HORROR*! DROP IN... HEH! ANY OLD CRIME!



SPECIAL ...

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

to Readers of this magazine ...



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NEW! BOB WEST'S AMAZINGLY EASY "PICTURE METHOD"

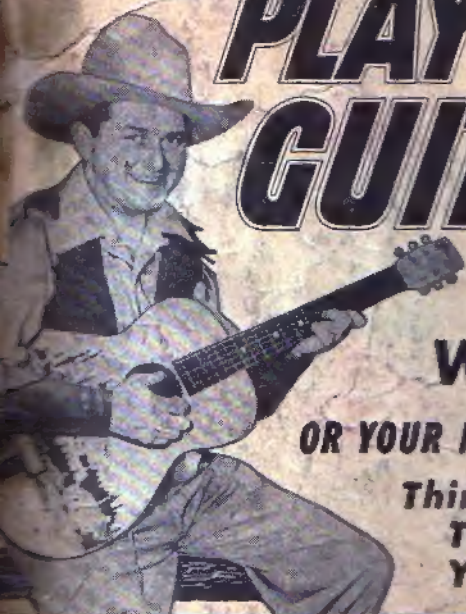
SHOWS HOW TO

PLAY GUITAR

IN 2 WEEKS

OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Think Of
The Fun
You'll Have



45 PHOTOS
SHOW EXACTLY
WHERE TO PUT
YOUR FINGERS
101 SONGS
INCLUDED!

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Play in 2 WEEKS or YOUR MONEY BACK

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